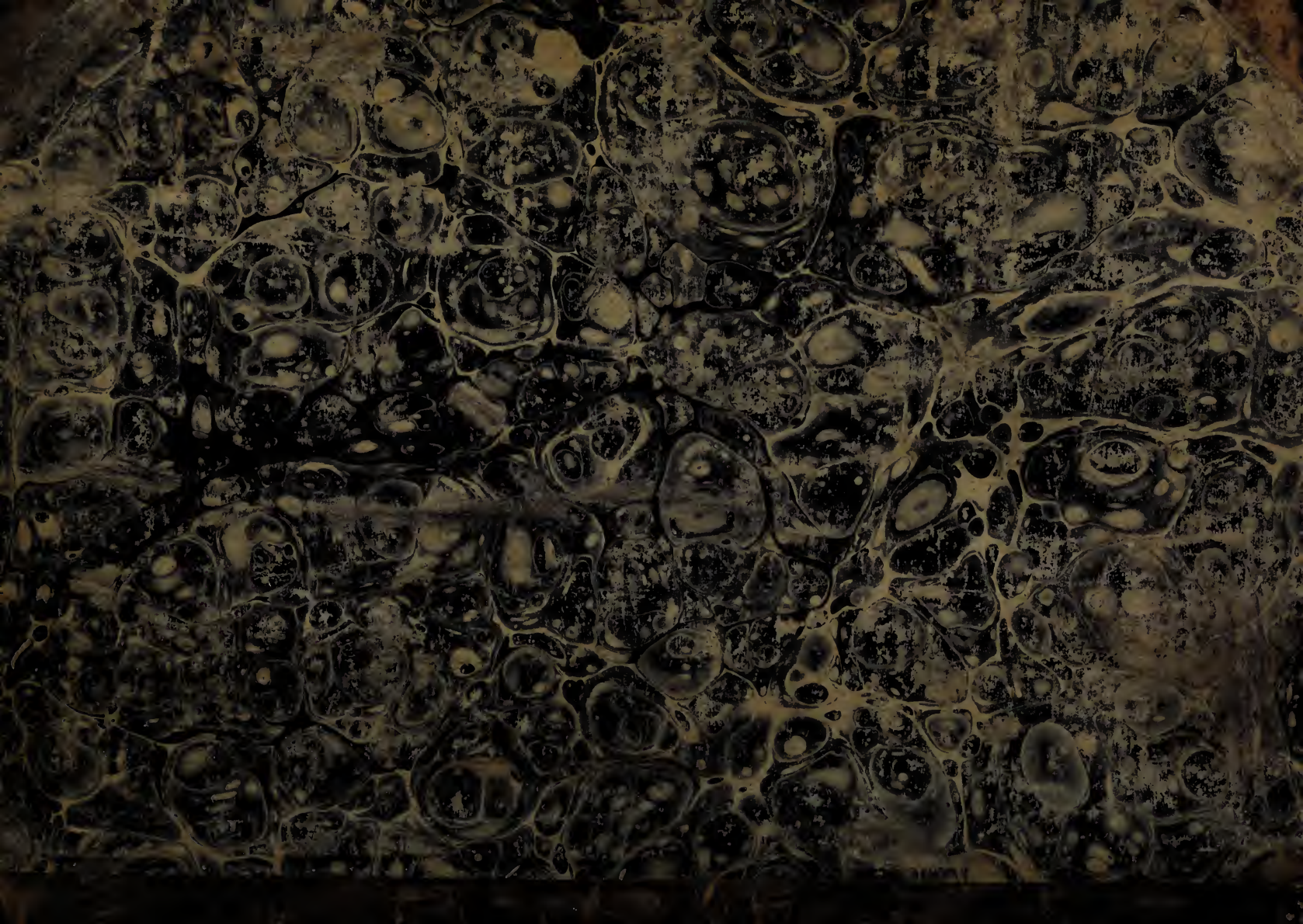

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Accessions
149,401
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MONEY IS AN ASSE.

A Comedy,

As it hath been Acted with good Applauſe.

Written by Tho. Jordain *Gent.*

Licenced *November* the 16. 1667.
Roger L'Eſtrange.

LONDON,
Printed by *Peter Lillicrap*, for *Fra. Kirkman*, and are to be ſold by moſt Book-Sellers. 1668.

149,401
May, 1873.

The PROLOGUE

Spoken by Night.

THalia *Crown each Fancy, ſince the day*
Has loſt its Luſter, and each glorious Ray
Of young Apollo *in the boſome lies*
Of belov'd, Thetis, *let the morn bright Eyes*
That ſit Incircled in your Ivory Spheres
Inſpire our Souls, chear our benighted fears
We Act in Comick ſtrains, Heaven grant there be
No envious Fate, to make a Tragedy.
Tis new, Ime ſure, nere Acted, there's none know it
We never had more Tutor, then the Poet
Since it is thus, Let us harſh cenſures ſcape
Had every Actor been ſome others Ape,
Seen his Part Plaid before him, you might ſay
We had been Children, not to Act the Play;
As lively as our fautours, but (ſo far
Are we from ſuch great helps, as thoſe) we are
Direct oppoſers; have no ſetters on
But whats within us, Reſolution,
Which not by you encouraged (ſwoln with Rage
That flies, and leaves us Statues on the Stage.
We are but Eight in Number, therefore he,
That drew this peice, being confin'd, not free
Could not ſo well declare himſelf as when
He ſhall confine, his Perſons to his Pen.
Accept of this, next time, we ſhall prepare
To feaſt your Senses with more curious fare.

THE

The Actors Names.

Captain Pennileſs.	*Tho. Jordain.*
Mr. Featherbrain,	*Wal. Williams*
Clutch,	*Tho. Loveday.*
Money.	*Tho. Lovel.*
Credit.	*Nich. Lowe.*
Callumney.	*Tho. Sandes.*
Felixina.	*Amb. Matchit*
Feminia.	*Wil. Cherrington.*

Act the First,

Enter Mr, *Featherbrain*, Solus,

Feath. ALs loſt, Pox oth Dice, Fortune hath ſpun me a fair thred, the Devil reel it, me thinks I walk like one, that left himſelf in pawn, at an Ordinary, I mean his Reputation, and now my Sattin is converted to modeſt ſtuff, my *Quandam* Aſſotiates look upon me as upon a man ſcarce within ken: and Ifaith I having a ſpice, oth.— Gentleman in me, take as little notice of them--- Oh youth what has thy prodigallity brought thee to, the time was, I have not had ſo much time, as to talk to my ſelf thus, But Poverty, is an Excommunicate and there is no purchaſing of an abſolution, without ready money— oh,— he is the honeſteſt Rogue in the world, if he were not ſo fugative, I had the happineſs to ſee him tother day, he was ſo buſie betwixt a young Heir, and a Uſurer, he loves a Lotterie with his heart, But if he but look on an Hoſpital the Gout takes him this is he, as I take it, I Cannot very well tell, he is almoſt become my ſmal Acquaintance, and that's his Nin- gle Credit, goes Cheek by Choul with him.— I would fain endeer my ſelf Noble Mr. *Money*, Kind Mr. *Credit*,

Enter *Money* and *Credit*.

Mo. Ningle Credit, doſt thou know this fellow.

Cred. Why do you injure me ſo, Ningle Money.

Mo. Injure thee, how.

Cred. Why in having an Ambiguous thought
I ſhould know a man, that lookes ſo like a ——

Fea. Theif or Cutpurſe, I warrant, let me help you with a terme Sir — a poor Gentleman, and it pleaſe you

Cred. I was eene thinking upon as bad a Terme

Mo. Why he knows thee, it ſeems.

Cred. Say you ſo, let me [redacted] upon him.

Fea. [redacted], I have been often in Company with you, as *I* remember, and the laſt place I ſee you in, was at in and in, in *Grayes Inn* you ſlipt from me the ſtrangeſt.

Cred. Upon my credit Ningle *I* remember him---he told me ſo, for he would have had me paſt my word for Twenty pounds to old *Clutch* the hoorder, to whoſe Daughters, we are now repairing.

Mo. I do remember you Prodigal Sir.

Fea. That's my Character indeed.

Mo. You parted Slightly from me, and for which cauſe you may aſſociate your ſelf with Mr. Pennileſs, hee's a moſt fit companion, and will not leave your company ſo ſoon.

Fea. Thank you Sir. moſt kindly---- the mean time, lend me Ten pounds, this Gentleman your Ningle, will paſs his word.

Cred. No not I, *I* muſt not injure ſo my friend, *I* am many Millions in his debt already.

Mo. Come Ningle will you walk.

Cred. Willingly.

Fea. Hark you Sir, hark you, or will you but dictate a---

Cred. Stay ſtay, *I* love to underſtand things as *I* goe, what do you mean Sir to dictate,

Fea. Why Sir. write a Letter Two or Three lines to your Mercer in my behalf, to put my ſelf in better habit.

Cred. Pray pardon me Sir *I* did think that Dictate, had no good meaning Sir, when you can Dictate, into favour again with my friend *I* ſhall give you more Audience —— Audience theres another word for your Dictate, and ſo farewel to you Sir.

Exit Money *and* Credit.

Fea.

Fea. Mr. Money, Mr. Credit, Gentlemen a word more gone, may the Goute take one, and the Devil crack t'other, I need not Curse them, for by their own works they are entring into a Consumption, Old *Clutch* the grand Devil of Usury he has a necessary Damnation for them both (his two Daughters) necessary evils, to train them, well in the days of old, when any fortunes florish'd they have both look'd on me, as no unworthy object, if *I* had and *Itch* that way these two Rogues, would be my Antagonists, if my brains have not gone more after mony, and credit, *I* shall have that in Agitation, may do me a pleasure in my time of need and make of these *Chymists* Asses.

'Tis hatching be it successful, If it prove
My loss, but gets me Wisdome, Wisdome Love, (*Exit.*

Scene the Second.

Enter Clutch Felixina *and* Feminia.

Clutch. Come my *Felixina*, dear *Feminia*, sie pine no more, husbands are now in search, but I would match you richly, richly Girls—— and please your own minds too, *Felixina* I know you think worthyly of Mr. *Money.*

Felix. I never saw him yet Sir:

Clutch. Right, why doe I say you think but worthyly of him for when you shall but see him (oh) joyful sight you will admire him then. Sir (Clut.)

Felix. He is your object ~~then~~, therefore rendring my obedience to your Age I willingly embrace him.

~~Clutch.~~ *Thou would'st say thus I know*
Th'art my obedient Girl continue soe,

Felix. Tis well he spoke it for me, for I protest 'twas far from my thought, in this case my mind tells me, 'twill have it's own dispose for all your Avarice, your will (my law) Commands mee

Fem. You are always talking to her of Husbands, and Sutors but you forget for me, I wis, I am as sick oth Maiden disease as my Sister, for all she is my elder.

Clutch. And you shall both be cured if *Money* and *Credit* be prevailing Physicians, did not *I* tell thee of Mr. *Credit.*

Fem. No, O my credit Sir.

Clutch. O thy *Credit*, and thy *Credit* shall he be Ifaith *Calumney*, within there —— *Calumney.*

Calum. Did you call Sir.

Clutch. *Is* not this the day and hour *Money* and *Credit* were to keep their words with me,

Calum. Yes, but Ile be hang'd, and some such Rogue as your self, such a Hell Jaw, do not swallow them before you see them.

Clutch. Say not so, good *Callumney*, put me in better comfort.

Callum. The Devil put you in comfort, hee's like to be better rewarded, than *I*, me thinks he might be more Officious, for 'twill not be long, ere he must receive his due, when is you Lease out Sir.

Fem. But hast not thou seen thy Golden Sweet-heart, yet.

Felix. Nor ever care, unless he be of the true Coyn and currant mettle,

Fem. But I hope you'l be a good child, and do as your Father bids you.

Felix. What need you care, you shall be married with *Credit.*

Fem. And you to *Money*, then we will call Sisters no more but Ningles, as our Husbands do.

Clutch. Good *Callumney* be Officious 't shall be for thy good, I have a Trap for *Money*, do thou but ayd, thou shalt supplant him, and marry my Eldest Daughter, contein thy sullen Humour tip thy tongue with words more flattering,

Callum. You'l be hang'd, ere you'l keep your word.

Clutch. Doest think, I am a *Pagan.*

Callum. You are a Usurer, and that's Couzen *German*, let the Devil be Judge —— but ile believe you, and on these conditions endeavour for you all that I can, *Aside*

Heeres the Fathers Consent, if I can but obtain the squeamish Whenches---- she looks upon me with no scornful eye ; Ile put fair for it, could I but rule my tongue, there were some hope.

Enter Money *and* Credit,

Clutch. Practise my Counsell,

See

See they are, Arriv'd kind Mr. *Money* let me hugg thee, let me imbrace thee, thy voice is heavenly Musique, thy face bewitches th'art my deareſt Idol.

Callum. Now the Devil huggs his darling.

Clutch, Next Mr. *Credit,* ye are a pair of Creatures the whole world adores, and happieſt am I that muſt enjoy ye, I am divided 'twixt ye, you inſeperable ſouls.

Mo. We keep our words you ſee.

Cred. VVe are not meerly Promiſers.

Clutch, VVhy look you now, you'l make me angry with you do ye think I had a thought, you were unjuſt no by my honeſty------ theſe are my Daughters Gentlemen, two baſhful younglings about their years, it was my fault I faith, which ſince I muſt confeſs I have amended.

Callum. I fear money will be my rival, the Rogue hath a bewitching Countenance, I wonder the wench looks with no more affectionate eye upon him, fate has ordain'd her mine.

Mo. Pardon my boldneſs Lady, 'tis a fault has been by all, excuſed, me that now I am to ſeek of Modeſty, to court ſo fair a Miſtriſs.

Felix. Yet you are mine, beſt beauty.

Callum. This Money has an excellent tongue.

Cred. By Credits ſelf, an Oath, *I* dare not break, *I* am your infinite admirer.

Fem. Are you Cadeedlo.

Cred. *I* dare not take that Oath, unleſs *I* knew the meaning.

Fem. Oh me do you not know the meaning of Cadeedlo.

Cred. No i'l aſſure you.

Fem. I'l tell you then, in that one word Cadeedlo, is concluded, all the Oaths man can invent.

Cred. 'Tis a moſt dangerous Oath, but yet her beauty ſo enticeth me, that rather then i'l looſe her love, i'l undertake to ſwear it,----- Then Lady that you may believe, I do admire you, and in that admiration, give my ſelf your Zealous Lover, to you I ſwear, Cadeedlo I admire you.

Cal. Go thy ways, thou deſerv'ſt her, for thou has ſworn moſt deſperately for her.

Clutch, Take no repulſe----- be not ſlightly denied,

Muſique.

Musique, Oh Heavenly; *(shakes moneys*

Cal. Now the Divel whispers them i'th ears,

Clutch, A handsome mans Daughter----, mark but his sweet Language, my own Boys both,

Mo. If you'd desire an Oath, by this pure Gold----,

Clutch, Tak's Oath Daughter, tak's Oath, 'tis a rich protestation, not us'd by every Gallant (*Calum*) I have not seen so many good faces this two dayes.

Felix. 'Tis your will Sir,

Mo. Pray take it, I have an Exchequer, more, stands ready for thee, and by that Gold, made purer by your hand I am your Honourer.

Felix. I do not question the nobleness of your love, which you term Honour, but give me so sure the freedome of my soul to contemplate before I give you Answer.

Mo. I did not love you, if I should not, command your time.

Felix. One day no more,

Mo. Willingly, most willingly.

Calum. But one day I must prevent you, Love and Policy be my Aid.

Cred. Will you not swear then.

Fem. To what Sir.

Cred. Why; that you admire me, as I admire you.

Fem. Indeed, I do admire you.

Cred. Indeed, Pox of indeeds, swear me Cadeedlo.

Fem. As I am vertuous I admire you.

Cred. What care I for your vertue---- whats that to Cadeedlo the Oath I swore.

Fem. Pardon me Sir-- -, pray hear me Sir.

Clutch, VVhat is the difference between you.

Fem. Ther's no difference Sir, we, we Sympathize infinitly,

Clutch, I am glad on't.

Cred. A word with you Sir, you know your language, better then I, pray what does she mean by Sympathize.

Clutch, Sympathize, do you not know the meaning of Sympathize, come hither *Calumney*, what is Sympathize,

Cullum. To concurr *I* think.

Clutch, VVhat was it Sir Sympathize, this roguish girls, troubles

bles all our Noddles with hard words, they did not come to her by the Fathers side, *I* am sure, why Sympathize is to concurr.

Cred. To concurr, thats true, for indeed we did begin to snarl one at another----. Yet there is some other meaning Ningle *Money*, a word with you, you are not busie are you, what is the meaning, of concurr, if you know not ask your Mistress.

Felix. VVhy concurr, is to Sympathize Sir.

Cred. And Sympathize, is to concurr----- Sir, what is meant by Sympathize, or concurr, i'l keep to my self. But your Daughter might use me more kindly.

Clutch, Feminia, wher's your duty, I must intreat I must.

Fem. Sir, he would have me swear affection to him ere I have made least Tryal of Love.

Cred. No peace flattering Women, did not I swear Cadeedlo to thee.

Fem. And i'l swear the like to you by and by if you'l be patient.

Cred. Well, then *I* am content, if you do not your Father has Ears.

Fem. And you have a tongue, *I* make no question you'l remember my Taffaty, will you not.

Cred. When you have sworn much may be thought upon.

Clutch, Come gallants will you in, *Calumney*, is the meat come from the Cooks.

Calum. 'Tis gone for Sir,

Clutch, After dinner finish your discourse, and make an end of all, come my dear Sons welcome. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Act

Act the Second, Scene the First.

Enter one way Featherbrain, *at the other* Captain Pennyleſs.

Cap. WHat an Aſs is he that waits a hum, hum, leaſure, fa la, hum, hum, hum, fa la hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, umph, hum, hum, hum, pleaſure hum, hum, happis may be rob'd of hope, and treaſure, hum, inconſtancy. *Pennileſs Sings.*

Fea. A third man, a third man, a third man.

Cap. VVhat untuned tones of mandrakes, drills my ears.

Fea. I 'tis an untunable air, I muſt confeſs noble *Captain Pennyleſs*, as I take it.

Cap. No you are much miſtaken, your ordinary friend *Pennyleſs* the Noble, is brought to nine pence I aſſure you, prethy *Frank* (if thy infatiable gain by winnings have not converted thy free ſoul to avarice, lend thy friend *Pennyleſs* half a peece.

Fea. Half a peece.

Cap. I, I, half a peece, no more, when fortune betters my ability I will repay thee double.

Fea. Two Crowns.

Capt. I, I, two Crowns though they want weight *Frank*, 'tis no matter I know thou gueſſeſt my occaſion ha thou knoweſt, they will go there.

Fea. Thou would'ſt be prodigal agen.

Cap. No *I* aſſure you *Frank I* will be very frugal go with me, and ſee elſe, i'l only bet ſmall bets man, I have a conceit beyond thy apprehenſion *I* have been taught it ſince poverty ſeiz'd upon me.

Fea. Ten ſhillings.

Cap. VVhy, *I*, but ten ſhillings, it may do me ten pounds worth of good, for my luck comes in to da y, have mark't it, i'l warrant thee a peece, within this two hours.

The Rogue's ſo loath to part from money. *aſide*

Prethy *Frank*, let me entreat thee.

Fea.

Fea. I have not seen half a peece, two Crowns, or ten shillings these ten days.

Cap. Pheu i'l nere believe that, lend me a Crown then, or half a Crown.

Fea. Eighteen pence would not do much amiss.

Cap. Since thou art so sparing lend me that.

Fea. Faith I want sixpence on't.

Cap. Pox lend me that twelve-pence, then.

Fea. Art not thou a mad Rogue to abuse thy friend thus.

Cap. How abuse thee.

Fea. Why in offering to borrow money of me.

Cap. Say you so, i'st now grown to an abuse, it has not been so *Frank* in my Golden Age, I have been your Exchequer, Oh what a saving age (ere long) will be when Prodigals, imbrace frugality, fare-well to you Sir, thus your abuser vanisheth. *Offers to go away.*

Fea. No, no, prethy do not vanish yet. Why thou Son of incredulity, can thy Conscience beget so evil a thought, that (if I had but half a peece) (although dispos'd of) I would not lend it thee.

Cap. You would not be abus'd so.

Fea. Oh my life, and my disguized Gentility. Canst thou imagine *I* would content my Corps with this unsavory stuff, that girds my loins,

Cap. Why art thou monyless.

Fea. As sure as thou art Captain *Pennyless.*

Cap. Hath in, and in, confounded thee too.

Fea. *I*, the curse of Orphants light on't.

Cap. Forgive me *I* must confess *I* have. Abus'd thee then.

Fea. And thou must make me amends, ere *I* part with thee, tell me has not despair, hung plummets on thy Soul, too heavy for a hope to keep't from sinking.

Cap. *I* am almost discouraged.

Fea. A Captain and discouraged---- away---- do not make me out of conceit with thee, *I* tell thee, *I* have wheels a going in this Noddle, beyond the power of Fortune, do thou be but one of my

Engines, *I* dare warrant thee peece upon peece, Boy.

Cap. Oh those sweet words, peece upon peece begets more courage in me, then Sack or *Medea*,---- command me *I* am thy instrument.

Fea. Thy very words are musick to me, dost thou know whose house this is.

Cap. Yes, old *Clutches*, a fellow for nothing so fit as to stand for a Statue, in Mammons counting house, and appears to me like a Devil, that did weekly counterfeit Man, meerly made for *deceptius visus*, marry ther's a pretty Virgin in this enchanted Castle would *I* were her Knight.

Fea. Why who bid thee tell my tale, before me, thou more then *Edipus*, of wit that canst expound before the Proposition, yet since you have discharg'd my Theam, let me extemporize, there are in this Castle, two Virgins who now are solicited, by two commanding Gyants, o'th time *Money* and *Credit*, so powerful that unless we do prefer, Pollicy before strength of Limb, we are like to be vanquished.

Cap. I very likely, for I am not of Ability to keep the Devil from dancing in my pocket.

Fea. Nor I,

Cap. No we shall be wise Politians I make no question, this is not the way (for ought *I* know) to get peece upon peece, yet thou tell'st me their strength, I know they are able, to put an hundred of us to the sword.

Fea. Thou wilt with one edge, is it not Policy, first to rumi, nate upon the Enemies strength, before we can make preparation for the conspiracy which now shall be demonstrated, look there *I* have compleatly counterfeited the hand of *Credit* in a Letter, to some of his Creditors, where we shall be sure of Cloaths, rich, neat, and all things correspondent.

Cap. I do begin to relish thee now, this is next door to peece upon peece, forward my Mercury.

Fea. Being thus habited *I* know where to procure some Cash.

Cap. Now 'tis coming.

Fea. And so well arm'd, we'l watch the time we may approach this Castle.

Cap. But may we have admittance.

Fea.

Fea. Fear it not, from rich Imbrodery, unto the plainer Sattin, all may be welcome, he does maintain his Family, with their Sutors, though his cheif end, is to match them to *Money* and *Credit*.

Cap. There is a great Operation in this Plot, and may a Jew beat me out of my Gentility : if I do not applaud thee fort, shall we put it in practise, come, Oh I long to exchange my habit, me thinks I walk in state agen.

Fea. But you shall be true to me you Rogue, and not in the midle of a Project leave me and return to your old confusion gaming.

Cap. If *I* doe, may *I* dye Shirtless, and be buried in the high-way twixt St. *Johns-street* and *Islington*.

Fea. *I* take you at your word, come goe with me.

Cap. With as much Joy, as the wild beasts had when they followed the *Thracian* Fidler, what an Asse is he that waites a Womans leisure. *(Sings.*

(Exeunt.

Enter *Clutch.* *Money* and *Credit.* *Felixina* and *Feminia*,

Clutch. Will you be gon so soon Ladds.

Mo. Sir. our occasions are so urgent, you must excuse us.

Clutch. And whether do you wend I faith.

Cred. But to the Exchange,

Clutch. Oh you, expect good tydings *Mr. Money.*

Mo. A little *Barbery* durt.

Clutch. Hum, *Barbery* durt, I would *I* were up to'oth knees in't, oh how happy are the Fishes in *Tagus* Chanel, when will you return again.

Mo. To morrow this time,

Clutch. A year of Torments, Daughter, come hither Daughter, thou canst prevail with him, promise him any thing, though it be the thing (though it be) thou understandst me, the thing ye wot on, so he will stay this night with us, Ile have a Parson early in the morning, shall make all good.

Felix. O hell bread, Avarise,----- *I* will sit---- Sir a word with you.

Mo. Your pleasure *Mrs.*

Felix. My Father earnestly desires your stay, but trust me, whilst you are here *I* can resolve on nothing, but your absence this short time will beget in me some resolution.

Mo. *I* will obey you Lady.

Fem. Sir you have forc'd an Oath from me would make a Virgin tremble to relate, But to you my tongue should neer pronounce it.

Cred. Well we are one then, and *I* would give you now, a nearer name then *Mrs*, a name given at the first sight.

Fem. Please you sir, Call me Spouse.

Cred. Tis a most fitting tearm; Spouse it shall be--- and do you call me---- head.

Fem. Nothing but head Sir.

Cred. No, nothing but head, till we are married.

Fem. Then *I*le exalt your name Sir.

Cred. Gramercy Spouse,

Fem. But sweet head, be not *prolix* in your designes, each hour will be to me a long *olympiad.*

Cred. But hark you Spouse *I* do not love you should talk so like a Conjurer *I* cannot understand your *prolix* nor your *Olympyads.*

Fem. *I* shall studdy more easie phrases Sir.

Cred. Prithee do, farewel sweet Spouse, come Ningle you are too tedious.

Clutch. Youl stay Sir, will you not.

Mo. Indeed I cannot.

Clutch. One hugg sweet friend. (*Huggs him.*

Mo. Farewel Sir---- farewel Ladies'

Clutch. Ile see you out of Doors Gentlemen.

Ambo: We thank you Sir---- *Exeunt.*

Manet the Daughters.

Fem. How now Ningle ist a match is this the *Ne plus ultra*, of men, when do you Comit as they say, when must the dangerous words (I will) Be pronounced.

Felix. Do you speak to me Sister.

Fem

Fem. To you, who elſe, I do not uſe to talk to my ſelf.

Felix. Preethy be not angry, your words carry a ſence concerns me ſo little, I thought you had.

Fem. Are you minded to marry, ſweet Lady.

Felix. Marry, yes.

Fem. This Man.

Felix. What Man.

Fem. The Gold, and *Silver* man.

Felix. I know not what thou meaneſt.

Fem. Hey da, the wench is mad (why Mr. *Money*.

Felix. Oh the Traſh my Father brought---- I had almoſt forgate him.

Fem. That's very well Ifaith no ſooner out of ſight but out of mind, he is much beholden to you, I care not much if I run after him and tell him ſo.

Felix. No prethe, my Father will be angry.

Fem. Uds me do ye cry, this is not time to jeſt, why weep you Siſter.

Felix. Sure you deceive your ſelf.

Fem. Moſt ſure I do not.

Felix. Tis but a duty my Eyes ow to my Fathers name.

Fem. Ye are a dutiful Child I proteſt, but is there not ſomthing elſe, belongs to't more then your meer duty, how long hath this been a cuſtome with ye.

Felix. Not long.

Fem. Nay prethe tell me *Fe.* did you not withall, think of that young Gentleman, that brought the morgage, to my Father, whom you did praiſe ſo much, and look upon ſo often, when you did wiſh, would you had ſuch a Brother.

Felix. Beſhrew your tongue, you'l try if *I* can weep.

Fem. Was that the Maſter Vein, had you not rather have him, then Mr. *Money*, de you ſmile *I* can't blame you, come tell me, ye are grown cloſe breſted, now, there was a time when *I* knew all your ſecrets.

Felix. That time is ſtill *Feminia*, go in with me and ile reveal more, then thou ſhalt believe if thou haſt love and duty in thy Soul, thou ſhalt be angry with me for my news and though (heaven knowes) *I* will ſpeak nothing but truth, thou wilt call

me

me Forgereſſe notorious Lyar, think me a Baſtard born, and begot when luſt and miſcheif were incorporate, it is a truth ſo ſtrange.

Fem. 'Tis very ſtrange, indeed, come ile attend you.

Exeunt.

Enter Calumny.

Cal. Cut's throat, poyſon him, that will not do the Rogue hath rich Friends, *I* ſhall be ſure to truſs fort, and 'tis a queſtion, whether ſhe'l beg me from the Gallows, clip him, make him uncurrant thats worſe, 'tis petty Treaſon, *I* ſhall have my Limbs devided, and hung up for Crowes meat, ſet his houſe a fire and melt him in the flame that's pritty well, but if *I* ſhould be diſcovered danger would approach, and few will ſpeak a good word, for *Callumny*, was ever Lover ſo perplext as *I*, there is no way left but with toyes of loveto ſolicite the Lady, *I* have been held a handſome good conditioned man, among the *Jewes*, marry the *Gentiles* hate me, yet *I* was the illigitimate of a Gentleman my Mother ſaid.

Clutch. Callumny, Callumny.

Calum. Well—— now *Fauſtus* calls his *Mephoſtophilis*.

Ile think on ſomething, if it take effect,
Let it be Quoted down, Calumnies *Act*.

Act the Third, Scene Firſt.

Enter Captain Pennileſs *and* Frank Featherbrain.

Fea. THo'art the impatienteſt Aſs *I* have convers'd with.

Cap. Right.

Fea. What though this project fail, are there no more ſhall we give up the Cardes, ere, we have play'd a trick.

Cap. A trick.

Fea. *I* tell thee *I* [have a brain, never barren of invention.

Cap.

Cap. No, no.

Fea. Though I have mis'd the first (as wonder 'tis) think'st thou my Sconce, quite empty of fegaries.

Cap. Fegaries.

Fea. Yes tricks, inventions, and fegaries, you Slave enough to undo a generation of Matchevils, for all my first comes off with a hiss, thou shalt applaud me ere, I come to my Exit.

Cap. And we shall be sure of Cloaths, neat, rich and all things correspondent.

Fea. Well do but follow my Counsel, i'l make true my words i'l warrant thee.

Cap. peece upon peece.

Fea. Why thou despairing varlet: if thou wert not a Captain I would beat thee to pin dust, thou dost put me to more vexation, then my own unhappiness.

Cap. Was that Mony, came Jingling by us in *Cheapside*.

Fea. Why who should it be else prethy.

Cap. I scarce knew him i'th old stamp, I have not seen him, in Trunks a long time---- tother was *Credit*, was it not,

Fea. Marry was it.

Cap. He's chang'd too, he was in a Gentile habit not long since, now he's become a Citizen again.

Fea. Why I, he was no company for you Gallants long, and when he saw his simpleship abused, he made return unto his City friends, where I faith the Merchant's hugg him.

Cap. Where doth he keep house.

Fea. Within the compass of the City Walls, *hic & ubique*.

Cap. Think you, he would smell a courtier in such disguize as this.

Fea. O Pox, I he'l know him by his hard words (man) he will trust no body, but those he understands, without Security, which is more then thou understand'st I am sure, (besides) thou hast been one of his notorious abusers, and he will be cheated in the way of Friendibility, (as your word is,) no more, but a Pox on this incredulous *Mercer*, that will trust no body, without *Money* or *Credits* self, these are fellows, whose compositions are, a Grain of Conscience, a Dram of Suits (and I was about to say) a Scruple of Religion, but i'l leave that out, 'tis an unusal Drugg, yet it may

may in, 'twil ſcarce be taſted amongſt a pound of Lies, as much of Oaths beſides odd ounces of equivocating proteſtations---- as I am an honeſt man,---- and ſuch like---- may they live to ſee their Sons made courtiers, that's enough *I* make no queſtion then, but that they will come into our order (or worſe) and curſe the next o'th brood, as we do.

Cap. Yet you were confident, ſure (as you ſaid) of Cloaths, rich, neat, and all things elſe correſpondent---- raiz'd me from a ſhallow deſperation to lay me deeper.

Fea. Give ear to me now *Ben.* (let me ſee) we are not in ſuch extraordinary rich cloaths but that we may paſs for Servingmen.

Cap. Had you ſaid for Sharks, we might have both gone together.

Fea. Right, We muſt Shark our Melancholy *Mounſiere* (but as I was ſaying,) *I* left off at Serving-men.

Cap. Yours have left off, i'm ſure.

Fea. As Serving-men, to *Money* and *Credit*.

Cap. *I*'l be hang'd, if they give ſuch bad Liveries to their Lackeys.

Thou run'ſt before me ſtill, hang Liveries, hear me out, by this means we will have acceſs unto the Wenches, this is the houſe, i'l knock and to e'm ſtraight, whilſt the conceit is hot.

Cap. *I* is this your project, prethy come away, and leave your Fooling.

Fea. Stay but a minute, ſee me in and hang thy ſelf.

Capt. Thank you heartily. *Enter* Calumney *to the* Captain.

Callum. How now, who's there.

Fea. Stand to your buſineſs (you Rogue) all's mard elſe.

Cap. Not unlikely.

Fea. *Is* Mr. *Clutch*, within *I* pray Sir.

Calum. Within yes, what of that.

Cap. What of that, Why we would ſpeak with him.

Fea. Modeſty good *Ben.* this is one of *Plutres* Damme's, we muſt through Hell to the Heaven, we hope for.

Calum. *I* think you come to rob him, do you not.

Cap. What a Rogue's this, my valour do's begin to riſe at him do thou ſpeak now, *I* ſhall beat him like a Dog elſe.

Fea.

Fea. Thou art a moſt valiant Raſcal---- *aſide*
Sir, your name is Mr. *Callumney* as I take it.

Cap. I thought ſo. *aſide*

Callum. Yes Sir, my name is, Mr. *Callumney.*

Cap. Good Mr. *Callumney*, you are my near Kinſman my father was a malice, and my mother a miſchief, I am ſure we give both one arms the three furious tongues in Sables, i'ſt not ſo Sir.

Callum. Yes, an envies head in the creſt.

Cap. Very proper. *aſide*

Fea. And the *Motto* is, avoid honeſty.

Callum. Very right Sir,---- I ſee I am a Gentleman---- Sir i'l call my maſter inſtantly. *Exit* Callumney

Fea. Do ſweet Cozen.

Cap. Go thy ways, thou haſt held a Candle before the Devil.

Fea. A ha, what think you now *Ben.*

Enter Clutch, *and* Callumney.

Clutch, Speak with me, who are they.

Callum. I know not who they are Sir, there they be.

Clutch, Would you ſpeak with me Gentlemen.

Fea. Sir, my Mr. Maſter *Mony.*

Cap. And mine Sir, Mr. *Credit.*

Fea. Commend their loves to you.

Clutch, You are welcome, heartily Welcome.

Fea. You have two daughters Sir.

Clutch, Their wives that ſhall be.

Fea. True Sir, we have Letters to them from our Maſters to the ſame purpoſe, we were withall commanded to be ſpeedy in the delivery.

Clutch, I ſtay you too long then, in, in Gentlemen--- *Callumney* Lead um in. *Exit.*

Callum, Well.

Clutch, *Now are the Woodcocks ſpring'd,---- my plots run fine*
Surfeit my Soul, Money *and* Credits *mine.*

Enter Felixina *and* Feminia.

Fem. With grief I do believe you Sister, you must impute it to his Avarice, that sinks all goodness to oblivion.

Felix. That is the drugg, (whose philterous, effect, stronger then poppey, or *Mandragora*) charms all his vertues in a lasting sleep, oh that my prayers, could wake his deep drencht soul my words should carry a far louder sound, then does the Midnight Bell, whose ring reports to the Inhabitants some fatal fire.

Fem. Well, but you will not have my Ningle *Money*.

Felix. No as I hope to embrace a noble spirit.

Fem. And your mind is fixt upon that nobler spirit, you speak of.

Felix. On him or no man, ---- But you will have *Credit* will you not.

Fem. Oh, my head we are contracted woman.

Felix. Sure you but jest.

Fem. In earnest we have exchang'd sound protestations.

Felix. Protestations, how sound I pray.

Fem. Why he swore Cadeedlo to me, and I the like to him, with many other to the same purpose.--- (moreover) he calls me Spouse (already) and *I* call him head, but the younster (Sister) the youngster.

Felix. Prethy do not talk of him, thou wilt put me to impatience.

Fem. Come i'l plot for thee, *I* have a conceit in this unhappy pate of mine, shall bring him, flying to thee,--- how now who have we here.

Enter Clutch, Calumney, Featherbrain, *and* Pennilefs.

Felix. My father and some strangers,

Clutch, How now daughters so earnest, I have good news for you,--- you Girls worth Gold,

Felix. Or is it new coyn'd Sir.

Clutch, Note, that she harps upon your masters name already.

Fea. She's a wit I protest Sir.

Clutch,

Clutch, A notable girl, a notable girl.

Fea. Faireſt my maſter Mr. *Money* commanded me.

Fem. Oh me my ſiſter ſinks. Felix. *ſwounds!*

Cap. Hey day I hope he hath kill'd the Gentlewoman and brought me to hang for company with him---- would I were out again,

Clutch, She ſwound for Joy, ſhe ſwounds for Joy, how i'ſt daughter, how i'ſt daughter.

Fem. She comes again, Siſter look up, here's Mr. *Money*.

Fea. Miſtriſs, Miſtriſs,

Felix. Oh my lov'd ſtranger.

Clutch, Feminia, come hither, come hither, what doth ſhe mean by ſtranger.

Fem. She calls Mr. *Money*, her ſtranger, ſir. *Feather. and Captain whiſpers.*

Clutch, Does ſhe ſo, does ſhe ſo. He ſhall be more familiar with her, mine own Girl ſtill ſure, her mother gave me leave to get this child of obedience my ſelf.

Fea. Quickly good *Ben.*

Cap. Sir, ſhall I ſpeak a word with you in private.

Clutch, With me ſir.

Cap. Yes, and your ſervant *Calumney.*

Clutch, with all my heart ſir, *Calumney* attend me ſirrah.

Cap. Now I have made all clear for him, if he ſhould tranſgreſs with both the ſiſters, and make the father and I his Bauds, 'twould trouble me. *Exit.*

Manent Felixina, Feminia, *and* Featherbrain.

Felix. What is your errand ſir.

Fea. 'Tis love ſweet Creature.

Felix. Oh my ſoul, 'tis he---- Love ſir, (what ſhall I do)---- I want the womans art, diſſimulation---- whence comes your love I pray.

Fea. But from this boſome ſweeteſt, there is a heart fill'd with as innocent love, as is the Veſtal Virgins to her Goddeſs, you wear the *Cupid*, beauty, thy Ivory bow ſent your white ſhafts

of vertue to my breast,
Ther's a touch. *aside*

Felix. And all this is, you love me,---- is it not.

Fea. And thrice so much can but confess a truth.

Felix. Pardon me Sir, *I* am no *Infidel*.

Fea. He harbors infidelity that thinks it.

Fem. This is the spark, *they whisper*
Hath been so long in the
Ring of her fancy and dazled the eyes of her understanding (if *I* may credit my own apprehension) *I* vow she looks upon him, as if she lov'd, (indeed) she's great with Joy.

Felix. Is this your way to raise your Fortunes think you after your fluent prodigality, (presuming on your person) to undo some weak ey'd Virgin, by your Vows and Oaths, all but to satisfie your appetite with Coyn, to game or such unthrifty Revells.

Fea. I vow she preaches---- talks----talks handsomely what a fool was *I* to come hither, *I* am taken with her, if *I* have not almost a mind to this honourable peice (mischief) marriage, good Company forsake me, there is a new guest come to this *Inn*, (cal'd honesty, commands like a Prince, and *I* must observe his laws) (the mor's my grief) I will be gone, one minute more undoes me, all happiness dwell with you Lady.

Felix. Pray stay and hear me Sir, although from womans fear, my words proceed, yet (trust me) *I* conceit so well of you, *I* could nor easily be won to think what my faint fears have uttered.

Feather. She talk's again; think's well of me her tongue a *Cupid*, and each word an Arrow, she has an excellent ayming eye, a good face fine complection, handsome breasts, a neat middle, and i'l warrant a good Foot and Legg, she wears an hundred *Cupids*,------- and now they all discharg'd, at me together---- and now they carry

carry me captived to her---and now *I* begin to speak, hum---hum--

Wonder of Creatures perfectest, perfect one
Epitome of those Angellick Souls
That are the Rules of Elizium
Whose Beauty keeps the Rose buds, blown in Autum.
And the fair Lillies white as mountain snow.

Hey da ice if I do not talk like one of your mad Poets already.

Fem. *I* do not think but the youngster has *Hero* and *Leander*, at his Fingers ends *I* would *I* could hear a little more, O this.

Felix. Pray you do not you spend your serimonius jests upon so weak a wit, if you must needs love tell me so--- *I* love the plain way best.

Fea. By thy own chaste thoughts, which were they mix'd with mine, cannot be tainted, *I* infinitely honour thee.

Felix. Honour, is that another term for love Sir. *(Kisses.*

Fea. It is, and by this tempting fruit, *I* love and honour you.

Felix. Why do you swear so rashly indeed *I* will not take your oath, till you advise your self.

Fea. Give me it again then ile think upon it. *(She sings.*

Fem. Maides where are your hearts become look you what here is, look you what here is--- whats there a couple of Turtles a billing, is that such a peice of business---very good he has bethought himself, and now he swears agen theres two shillings in oathes already. *(They kiss.*

Felix. *I* can conceal no longer, love growes great, the more *I* labour to deliver it--- guard me my blushes.

Fea. But cannot you affect me, my Election.

Felix. Who is that behind you sir.

Fea. A Gentlewoman, what is she more sweet Lady.

Felix. Do you observe her sir.

Fea. *I* doe. *He offers to go back.*

Felix. She is one (pray fix your eyes upon her) she is one, that can tell, that with unfeigned zeal, my soul affects you.

Fea. Indeed---shee's worth the noting---pray Lady (then take notice, with what integrity of pure affection *I* seal me hers for ever.

Fem. Withall my heart, your very nimble Gallants.

Felix.

Felix. What shall we doe, my Father will suspect if you stay longer.

Fea. My Friend expects me too.

Fem. Is he not your Brother Sir.

Fea. No Lady.

Fem. He is somwhat like you, and a handsome Gentleman.

Felix. I know your need, here is some Gold Sir.——— make but your habit appear glorious, you may as freely have Admittance, as any of our Suitors.

Fea. I have hard so much, farewel my best one.

Felix. Remember Oathes. *Enter* Captaine.

Fea. As I will do my Soul.

Cap. Oh 'tis well, you are coming, I had spoyl'd all else —— what have you, done now.

Fea. As I could wish my Boy.

Cap. Say you so, get you gone, then ile try what I can do.

Fea. Doe.

Cap. But which is your Mistress.

Fea. That Gentlewoman. *Exit* Feathetbrain.

Cap. That Gentlewoman (good) I must then direct my Service to the other, pretty Rogues both—— de hear Lady, are you my Frinds Mistris.

Felix. Did he tell you so Sir.

Cap. Cunning *Gipsey*, yes he did tell me soe forfooth.

Felix, I hope you dare believe him.

Cap. Marry doe I, is this your Sister fair one.

Felix. Yes Sir.

Cap. Can she love think you.

Felix. Faith Sir, she can best resolve you.

Cap. You say true, and ile to her, does she love verse or prose.

Felix. I think she is indifferently affected.

Cap. So then ile think upon somthing.

Fem. Ye busie Eyes, where do you carry me, why should this Stranger be your object so, yet I'me too blame to chide you, ye behold, a man proportioned for a Princess, how pretily this bluntness does become him, he makes this way, sure he would speak with me.

Cap. What is your name sweet Lady.

Fem.

Fem. Feminia Sir.

Cap. You are a woman.

Fem. I think so Sir.

Cap. 'Tis true, my little peice of modesty, you can but think so, yet by your name you are.

Fem. And I think you are a man.

Cap. But think I am a man, do you not see a mark upon my forehead.

Fem. No truly Sir, me thinks it is a Cupid,

Cap. Cupid, oh blindness, Sit lazie Cupid upon a Soldiers Brow.

Fem. Cupid is *Mars* Coequal.

Cap. Then they are both there together— I thought so, for I could love and fight both at once, love a Mistres, and beat him, that durst abuse her and (now I think on't) are you married.

Fem. Not yet Sir.

Cap. Then theres some hopes, but if *I* know how to court her I am a Jew, de ye here Lady what said my Friend to ye, when he came in the way of Marriage.

Felix. Troth I have quite forgot Sir.

Cap. You have an excellent memory.

Fem. Why doe ye Question me of marriage Sir.

Cap. The Rogue has a mind to be talk'd too —— pox, she might put forth her self a little more, for my brain is out of tune I am somwhat stupid, oh Sack, nothing like Sack it calls up a Parliament, of Rable in the Scul of a Poet— and too much makes em speak fustion as fast, Oh how she smirks (*He sings.*

I would give my golden Rapier to be at her, to be at her—— Ile speak to her least she talkes me to silence, She sayes shee's a woman, *Cupid* thou little Cub of *Venus* assist me, can ye love *Mars* my fair *Sithera.*

Fem. Yes if he have a *Cupids* Soul.

Cap. Yes he has a *Cupids* Soul.

Fem. Where is he.

Cap. Here in this Doublet— but hang circumstance can you vouchsafe affection, if you can tell me, ile strive to conquer my usurping nature, perhaps I may run mad, or so, if I do come but and see me in *Bedlam*, and I am answered.

Fem.

Fem. Are you so swain sir, is love so powerful in you at first sight.

Cap. What sayes the Poet, that most true doth write
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight.

Fem. Troth and he saies true, and now *I* am resolv'd, pack hence my blushes then, fly unto those conscious of crimes, and let them there disclose their corrupt nature, love so pure as mine requires, not your assistance.

Cap. I forgot to kiss you, you must pardon me
I'me not vers'd into loves Rhetorick, more then (*kisses*
your Eyes instruct me.

Fem. The times unfit for tedious discourse, resolve your self when ere my Sister makes your friend her Bridegroom, you shall as surely call *Feminia* bride.

Cap. A kiss O that, *Sirrah* couldst not thou obtain so great a blessing, from thy Father, as four or five peieces contain, to befriend a poor Gentleman.

Enter Clutch Callumney, *and* Featherbrain.

Fem. That would discover all--- noe--- go but to Mr. *Credit*, call your self my brother, you shall be furnished with all those necessaries, that can acouter a compleat Gentleman.

Clutch. Is he so high'ly taken say you,

Fea. At every sigh he breathes *Felixina.*

Fem. Hee's my Father--- isht.

Capt. Feminias name inspires his soul with raptures.

Fea. Let him but see a beauty, though as fair as Poets painted *Hellen*, he will say she come but short of his *Felixina.*

Clutch. He dotes, he dotes, oh my most happy issue.

Cap. If *I* could stay, Ide reckon up a thousand of these things, but sweetest fair, time will not now permit me.

Fem. Return my best affection.

Cap. I will.

Fea. My Master sir expects me, else I would fill up your soul with wonder.

Cap. Farewell Lady.

Fea. Ile take my leave Sir, and of you fair Lady.

Felix.

Felix. Tell him your ſelf, if he infringe his Oath *I* am undone farewel Sir.

Clutch, Entirely welcome Gentlemen, *Callumney* attend them out.

Callum. Theſe are a couple of entire Rogues, or elſe I wear falſe ſpectacles. *Exeunt*

Clutch, What think you of your ſweet hearts now my Girls.

Fem. As of the nobleſt Creatures nature fram'd.

Felix. They are ſuperlatively excellent.

Clutch, You are obedient Girls, but come attend me I muſt inſtruct you, in ſome unknown lectures.

And wiſdom to your Love---- if I obtain my Prize,
My Daughters ſhall be, Mammons *ſacrifice.*

Act the Fourth, Scene the Firſt.

Enter Calumney, *and* Felixina.

Felix. WEll what would you ſay now.

Callum. Are we free from any hearing.

Felix. We are but of each other
What means the fellow. *aſide*

Callum. Pray let me ask a queſtion then.

Felix. Speak, but be not tedious— ſome weighty buſineſs ſure.

Callum. Your anſwer ſhall be *juſt.*

Felix. Yes prethy ſpeak without more conjuring.

Callum. Do you—

Felix. Out with it.

Callum. Do you love Mr. *Money.*

Felix.

Felix: Yes what of that.

Callum. Faithfully.

Felix. Must *I* needs make my faith so familiar with your knowledge i'st my father hath made you thus inquisitive.

Clutch, No (as *I* covet happiness) I love you, and would prevent you he is one unfit for your deserts, my heart grieves for you.

Felix. Surely the fellows honest, prethy why.

Callum. First of all you--- are young, fair, and kind, he old gouty and churlish,---you vertuous, wise, and loving, he vicious damdable vicious, he has tane in Baudy-houses night, by night---who but money-- he makes the Old bauds beautiful the Whores Caper naked at his appearance; marry they have reason for it, he secures them from all troubles, he is acquainted with all the terrible Justices about the Subburbs (& wondrous well beloved too, they'l take his word before the bond of an Alderman, then is he very foolish, for he prefers the cloath of Tishue, and Plush before noble Hospitality, and a hater of all vertue.

Felix. You say I am vertuous, why doth he love me then.

Callum. He doth not, *I* know he doth not,

Felix. Why doth he swear he loves proves it by guests, would marry me.

Callum. He says so, i'l answer, with a question, why doth the Devil feed with liquorish meats, spiritful Wine, high pride, hot lechery, and feathered ease, those that he means to damn, he marry ye, fy, fy, he shall but like the greedy Tree-worm, suck the sap of Reputation from you, and leave you wither'd.

Felix. These words carry a sence to be observed, though to me needless the Jenius that doth guard the Reputation, my chast soul affects hath preinform'd me thus, this sheweth his honest though, since thou art so chary of my honour, (and wilt I hope, persist in't, *I* shall invite thy Judgment to a greater difficult, for which I will not be a light rewarder,

Callum. Here's harmony. *aside*
You are my Vertuous Mistriss, I am your vessal, your very eye commands me.

Felix. Go send my Sister to me.

Callum. I shal forsooth *I* am all *aside*
Amorous *Exit.*
Felix.

Felix. The very contemplation of my Love, exhilirates my heart, his name exiles all passion, what an infusious Love--- when I was free and with impartial eyes, vew'd every one (Eagle like) could *I* dare the Summer Sun now one slight beam hath dimn'd me, here come my sister she is *Enter* Feminia fetter'd (too) my helping hand was not wanting (Gramercy jealousie, for I thinking my own choice best fearing with my eyes, she should look on him, have ta'ne occasion (as my surest prevention) to make her cover (by my pray appear most worthy.

Fem. Did you send for me Sister.

Felix. Yes, Mrs. Simper *I* did send to you.

Fem. What would you (pray).

Felix. Talk and prattle, nothing else, what dost thou think of my choice.

Fem. 'Tis a deserving one, is this all.

Felix. No when dost thou think I shall see him again.

Fem. I cannot tell, pray heaven they both prove constant.

Felix. Is that thy meditation--- dost thou fear it.

Fem. Yes, and my fears hold Angry.

Felix. That they'l be false, forbid it heaven if mine be capable of Oaths I cannot.

Fem. Nay *I* will hope the best, you have most cause to grieve if it prove so--- you will loose the richest prize.

Felix. Not in your eye *I* hope *aside.*
How rich *I* prethy, thine's a *Jove* to mine.

Fem. I am the happier *Offers to go*
Juno then. *away.*

Felix. Prethy stay.

Fem. *I* am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while prethy excuse me. *Exit* Feminia

Felix. I am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while, prethy excuse me, this is a Riddle learn or turn Sorceress and raise up the Ghost of *Edipus* to unfold it.

Exit Felixina

Enter Mony, Featherbrain, Credit, *and* Captain Pennyleſs.

Fea. If you derive your Pedigree from the antient houſe of the *Monies*, ther's ſome affinity between us.

Mo. I'l aſſure you Sir we came in with the Conqueror my mother was a *Pecunia*.

Fea. What kin to the Argents,

Mo. I was my fathers name.

Cap. Well ſaid *Frank* bring me into the kindred too.

Fea. My mother was an Argent, my father an Aurum.

Mo. Why then your name is *Gold* Sir.

Fea. Yes ſir, the beſt of my kindred lived in *Barbery*.

Mo. Then by that name I muſt ſalute you never noble couzen *Gold*.

Fea. Sweet couzen *Money*,—— pray be acquainted with my Brother *Jewel*.

Mo. Bright Mr. *Jewel*. *I* pray ſalute my Ningle *Credit*.

Cap. Ningle Sir.

Mo. I ſir, tis a familiar Term paſſeth betwixt us.

Cap. Good Mr. *Credit*. *I* ſalute you.

Cred. *I* return your ſalute pretious Mr. Jewel.

Cap. Indeed Sir, pretious is my Chriſten name.

Fea. Whether go you Gent. (if without offence *I* may deſire it.)

Mo. Ye are married Gentlemen.

Fea. Married, yes, and *I* believe you know our wives---- we married two Siſters, *I* the Lady Portion, and my Brother, the younger Siſter, beauty.

Mo. Indeed the Lady Portion is my neer Kinſwoman.

Cap. Yet more kindred *aſide*

Mo. *I* am her fathers elder Brother. *Callumney above.*

Cred. Then Gentlemen we dare reveal our Voyage we are going to do, what you it ſeems have done.

Fea. Marry a couple of Virgins i'l lay my life.

Mo.

Mo. And since happily we have met we shall desire you two, for Witnesses to such agreements as their Fathers, and we shall conclude upon.

Fea. Then you have the Wenches consents.

Mo. Firm, firm.

Fea. And yet were distrustful, Jealous of your friends.

Mo. No not Jealous.

Enter Callumney *in the Musique Room.*

Cal. Who is here my rival *Money*, and his Ningle *Credit*, with two Caveliers— the Old man is taking his Noons Nap, ile wake him with this news suddainly, hoping he will run out off his wits for Joy--- master, master awake here are both your Son's *Mr. Money* and *Mr. Credit.*

Enter Clutch *above.*

Clutch. Where my loyal *Callumney*, where where---

Cal. Look here Sir, look here, unless you stay them speedily two golden unthrifts (in whose clutches they now are) will carry them from your sight for ever.

Clutch. Forbid it *Mammon*, ile call to them, what if a man leap'd down *Callumney*—— ile leap, may a man break his neck hear think'st thou.

Cal. His Neck scarce hurt his foot.

Clutch. Do thou leap first good *Calumny*, to satisfie my fear, a little lead me the way.

Cal. Alas Sir, I appear so black and horrid I shall quite scare them from you.

Clutch. Thou saiest true ile call, ile call, they will be gone ere can moderately go down staires.

Cal. Call, fy leap Sir—— 'tis but a squelch I have a kinsman an excellent bone setter.

Clutch. Shall I, shall I, *Callumny*, I can have but a squelch thou sayest.

Cal. No, no.

Clutch.

Clutch. I but twill be a Devilsh squelch--- wilt thou be accessary to thy good Masters death.

Callum. You might have been down by this time.

Clutch. That I might Ifaith for ever rising. I might have had my last squelch--- Vh, if I were sure my legs would come first to ground I would not care--- well *I* will call, Son *Money*, Son *Credit*, Gentlemen whether go you.

Mo. O Father *Clutch*, no further then your house.

Clutch. My faithful Sons--- that *I* were within an embrace, but ile come immediately, imediately Gentlemen--- you'l stay a while.

Mo. Yes wee will wait you sir:

Clutch. Open the door *Callumny*.

Cal. *I* cannot find the key sir.

Clutch. Not find the key, dainty fine tricks, where hath your Devil-ship laid it, break open the door, you Hell-hound.

Cal. *I* have found it now.

Clutch. Did *I* call thee Hell-hound, forgive my passion gentle *Callumny*.

Exit Clutch *and* Callumny.

Fea. You are well beloved here Gentlemen.

Mo. Yes faith the Old man dotes upon us.

Act Fourth Scene Third,

Cap. HEe may be proud of yee, ye are the best Suitors, have craced his House, since his Daughters entred into their Teenes.

Cred. We are men (you know) the world thinks well off.

Cap. Yee are your selves, the world, in spight of the flesh and Devil.

Mo. You do ecclips us with your praise, and your affection, yeilds a partial censure.

Enter

Enter Clutch *and* Callumny.

Clutch. They are here still, Oh my right noble Sons, Son *Money* let me enjoy an armful of thee--- and of thee--- trust me Son *Credit*, my youngest Daughters sickness is for thee — and Son *Money* did your man tell you how my elder Daughter swounded in your absence--- *I* thought *I* should have lost her, nothing but your name could quicken life in her.

Mo. My Man Sir.

Clutch. And my Son *Credits* man (too) Indeed Gentlemen I am infinitely engaged to you, you are noble Lovers I see you doe respect your Ladies.

Mo. We sent no men good Sir, bethink your self, sure hee's Transported.

Clutch. True tricks of Nobility, see if they will acknowledge their good actions *aside*
But who are these Gentlemen, who are these I pray.

Mo. Two worthy friends of ours.

Clutch. Their names (I pray) I may salute em.

Mo. This Gentlemans name is *Gold*.

Clutch. Mr. *Gold*.

Mo. And this Mr. *Jewel*.

Clutch. He is in my care allready, Illustrious Mr. *Jewel*— glorious Mr. *Gold*— you are both entirely welcome *Gold* and *Jewel*— oh for a couple of Daughters more, what a wealth *Clutch* might I bee, *aside*
I would *Bigamy* were lawful, I must enjoy these two Gentlemen, *Callumney* and I will knock our Jouls together about it Gentlemen will you draw near.

Mo. Pray lead the way Sir.

Clutch. Indeed ile follow you, nay pray Sir — Mr. *Gold*, Mr. *Jewel*--- *Exeunt*.

Manet Callumney.

Cal. How is our house enobled--- had my Master but two Daughters more, what marriages should we have M. *Money* and M. *Credit*,

Credit ('tis resolv'd) must marry the two Virgins——— say you so—— but what sayes Mr. *Callumny* to that, by your leave, *Clutch* you promised him the Elder--- and *Money* like a trade Rogue you will defeat him, but mark what followeth (my aged *Signior*) he like a more cunning Rogue, hath that in practice will defeat you both--- I am strangely lost, what should these fellows be that came with letters--- *Money* and *Credit* said they sent none such--- I have it, I know I have it, (without all doubt) they are servants to these fresh *Mamoratto's Gold* and *Jewel*--- here will be some scuffling for the wenches. *I* may prevent you Mr. *Gold* or Mr. *Jewel* if you solicite my Lindabradez.

Enter Clutch.

Clutch. Callumny my best Callumny, why thus melancholly, Sirrah my Daughter dotes upon thee, upon the Devil--- *aside.* I vow she does, *I* know it-- she flouts *Money* beyond measure.

Cal. This is the preambulation to more mischief cunning Sir, *I* apprehend you, *I* do expect *I* should encourage on *Gold* and *Jewel* to your daughters—— when you are hang'd, *aside* you know the proverb sure Sir. my mean desert weigh'd with their noble Suitors must appear most worthless.

Clutch. She thinks thee honest, them but flatterers.

Cal. Well what would you Sir.

Clutch. Methinks *I* see thee walk in cloath of Tishue whilst *I* in Furres in an imperious chair, sit and prolong my hours with gazing on thee, my delightful darling.

Cal. Notable Rogue, but whats your will, declare it pray sir.

Clutch. This is day thou knowest, *Money* and *Credit* obleige their whole Estates, to me on condition I give my free consent, that they may match my Daughters, mark ye, my free consent, but if their free consents they cannot get they are like to stand the hazard, *Gold* for thee my boy—— now Sirrah, oh that *I* had two Daughters more.

Cal. You would fetch over the new Guests *Gold* and *Jewel*,

Clutch. Thou art all apprehension, thou wert compos'd of *Craft* and *Subtilty*.

Cal. This is too hard a taske, you cannot give your consent twice

twice, Law you know will not allow of it.

Clutch, Do thou but cheer them on, let me alone in time to work the Cataſtrophe, *I* have a Plot, (not altogether perfected, that ſhall make thee mine, ne're fear it, in the mean time, be thou their Genious encourage them, my Boy, encourage them I cannot ſtay, I muſt about my profit.

Cal. I apprehend the Rogue, he has given *Money* and *Credit*, his full conſent, now Sir, will he marry them to *Gold* and *Jewel*, and at the laſt appear as ignorant, as they that never knew, and wher's my Miſtreſs then, kind Sir expect (if you be wiſe) nothing from me may make addition to your happineſs----- But who comes here i'l ſtep behind the hangings.

Enter Featherbrain *and* Felixina.

Felix. What plentious happineſs my ſoul enjoys in ſeeing you my wiſhed one, nothing ſhall now *I* hope (if *Hymen* ſmile) delay our Nuptialls.

Callum. Hey day, what have we here---- ſure theſe are Eyes, and Ears.

Fea. Sweeteſt it is my firm reſolve, to hearts ſincere, nothing ſo happy as the marriage hour.

Callum. Good agen.

Fea. You know my mind, lets in again your father will ſuſpect elſe, I ſhall declare my plots to you, at large when time ſhall be auſpitious. *Exit* Featherbrain

Felix. You are full of conſtancy. *with* Felixina.

Cal. Very pretty, this is one of them (as I take it) I ſhould encourage, ſhe hath plaid my part upon her ſelf and given him a large encouragement-----agen. *Enter* Captain *and* Feminia.

Cap. Why prerty ſweet one can thy thoughts be won to think my tongue has been the Orator of a diſloyal heart.

Fem. But could you not affect my Siſter dearer.

Callum. This is the ſecond part to the ſame Tune what courtly Roguery may a man deſcern behind *Arras*.

Cap. What my friends choice, unclaſp an amity in whoſe fair Bonds, are fetter'd nought but love and ſweet indulgence, did not that claim a ſhare in my beſt thoughts my Amorous Soul, creating you it's object ſays you excel in merrit.

Fem. Think me not loveleſs for my eaſie fear. F *Cap.*

Cap. Indeed *I* do not.

Fem. Be wary or all's mar'd.

Cap. I'l warrant ye come, let's withdraw agen. *Exeunt*

Callum. Am *I* designed for a better end then hell, the Devil keeps no truer touch with me, Love may be thus reciprocal, in as short a Season, but such aged familiarity call's marvail in my sconce----- Oh for a Jury of Witches to find the guilt of this business out, 'tis now as the Devil my aged Signior would have it, ye shall have *Gold* and *Jewel*, to your Sons, ne're fear it, if *I* do not cross the business, ther's a business unthought off, I think of it though and will endeavour it to my power, *I*'l do my good will, Mr. *Clutch*, ye can have but a mans heart, here they are all, work work, my brain.

Enter Clutch, Mony, Felixina, Featherbrain Credit, Feminia, *and* Captain Pennyless.

Clutch, Look ye Gentlemen, this is fair inconsideration of your estates *I* give my full consent, that you may marry my two daughters.

Both, We acknowledge so much.

Clutch, Well said, *I* think you need not doubt theirs.

Mo. Theirs we are confident.

Callum. Coxcombs you are, if you knew all *aside*

Clutch, I know you do consider *I* am old. *aside*
Why I may dye to morrow,
Not these threescore years I hope, and then you will be blest with all my store, these Girls must reap the fruit of all my care.

Mo. Well, their free wills we doubt not.

Cred. O you little Rogue I have thy consent, have *I* not Spouse.

Fem. I Cadeedlo, Head.

Cred. Cadeedlo Head, those words come so prettily from thee.

Fem. *I* am glad they please you Sir. Clutch, Mony, Credit Felix. *and* Feminia, *whisper.*

Enter

Enter Callumney.

Cal. Sir here's, Sir here's two Gentlemen, and their wives are come to visit you, and my mistresses.

Clutch, What are they.

Callum. Mr. *Silver* the monyer, and his mistress.

Cap. Light heel, keep such a stamping, that we shall nere be able to endure the house, what's the tother.

Callum. Mr. *Hammer-head*, the Goldsmith, Sir, he has a very handsome wife.

Fea. O then by all means let them in.

Clutch, Do, do, *Callumy*, their worthy friends, and necessary members in a Common wealth, Mr. *Silver*, my illustrious friend welcome, most welcome, and couzen *Hammer-head*, let me imbrace you.

Enter Silver *and* Hammer-head, *and their Wives.*

Mo. Gentlemen pray salute your friends, Mr. *Silver*, you and *I* are familiar friends your hand, Ningle *Credit*, bid him welcome.

While they salute the men Featherbrain, *and* Pennilefs *salute the Women.*

Fea. Fair mistress welcome and may choyceft delight, ever crown your wishes.

1. *Woman*, The like to you.

Cap. Frank has borded one, and I like a coward stand and fear to assault the other, but *I* am a Captain, and will fear no colours mrs. your welcome as *I* may say.

2. *Woman*, *I* thank you Sir.

Cap. Is that your husband forsooth.

2. *Woman*, Yes Sir. why do ye ask.

Cap. Because I would know.

1. *Woman*, A very merry Gentleman. *aside*

Clutch, 'Tis as I tell you Sir, Mr. *Mony*, and Mr. *Credit*, has engaged their whole estates to me, inconsideration of my full consent, that they may marry my daughters.

Silver. Why then we shall have weddings two or three at.---

Ham. Leaſt, for here's my friend Mr. *Silver*, has ſtole his Miſtreſs forth and means to marry her preſently.

Cred. Why then he's one of our rank.

Clutch, He is, but Gentlemen ſo many weddings towards, and nere a dance, come, come, each take his miſtreſs and dance, and foot it a little for the ſatiſfaction of theſe ſpectators.

Callum. Ha, ha, ha,----- are theſe your Kinſmen Gentlemen, ha, ha, ha, *I* am a little abſur'd, ha, ha, ha, pray pardon me.

Fea. Our kinſman, yes, why doſt ask.

Callum. They are a couple of crafty merchants, ha, ha, ha, they may well be confident of the conſents of their miſtreſſes.

Fea. Not unlikely, why
They are your Kinſmen you ſay.

Cap. Yes.

Callum. Whoſe Credits you reſpect.

Fea. As our lives.

Callum. I vow ye ſhould not know it elſe pray make no words on't.

Cap. Well, ſpeak.

Cal. If theſe two tuff blades, are of ability, they have made all ſure, i'l warrant them.

Fea. Ha-----ha, ſure prethy be plainer.

Cap. I do conjecture ſomething, the Rogues breath ſmells worſe than Garlick, it *aſide*
aſcends from the fame of ſome unſavoury ſecret, I fear 'twil choak us.

Callum. A trick of youth, and partly in faſhion, a ſlight miſtake, made uſe. O'th Bridal night, before the wedding morning, do ye underſtand me now Gentlemen------ no hurt, onely.

Cap. Foah, now 'tis out----the Devil choak thee for't.

Fea. How cam'ſt thou to know it.

Cap. Their Baud i'l lay my life. *aſide*

Cal. Very eaſily Sir, I was a Servant to them, and had good caſh to learn ſilence with many fair promiſes.

Cap. I, I knew 'twould come too't. *aſide*

Fea. Why what a Rogue art thou to diſcover then.

Callum. I but I know to whom, their friends and kinſmen, all the Devils in Hell, could not have wrinched it from me but you.

Cap. We are much ingaged to you——
Fea. Does not their Father know it:
Cal. Not yet Sir.
Fea. Well let it go no further.
Cal. Not for a World.
Cap. Come hither *Frank.*

aside
Captain Featherbrain *whispers* Clutch *and his two daughters,* Callumney *goes to* Money *&* Credit.

Clutch. *Felix. Feminia,* let me talk with you a little.

Both. Yes Sir.

Cal. Mr. *Money,* Mr. *Credit,* Gentlemen when must we have Gloves, when is the time prefixt, I perceive you are wel prepared.

Mo. To morrow, ist not to morrow Ningle.

Cred. To morrow, let me see to morrow, I to morrow a very fit day—— yes, yes, to morrow *Callumney.*

Cal. And are you sure you have the consent of my young Mistresses.

Cred. Sure dost take us for Asses, dost think we are now to make Sure, and must be married to morrow.

Cal. Come I know you are not sure, you have both most foolish lost your whole estates.

Mo. How.

Cal. Be these two yonder your Kinsman.

Cred. Yes.

Cal. You are sure ont.

Mo. Yes.

Cal. So sure am I, they are contracted both unto your Brides, that should be, and (let me tell you for tis frindship bids me) the old man cares not it is (in part) his policy.

Both. How.

Cal. Nay it must out, although my Masters secret conscience will have it so, do ye but mark his words, I give ye but my consent (saith he) having reserv'd to himself thus to delude you forceing his daughters privately which indeed he need not, they are themselves too willing to give their free consents to marry your rich Kinsmen.

Cred. And will my Spouse turn Baggage, is there no honesty in Cadeedlo.

Mo. But is this truth.

Cal. Why will you here me swear.

Cred

Cred. Any thing but Cadeedlo, that helliſh Oath.

Cal. Theſe eyes and ears are witneſſes to their contract.

Mo. It cannot be they are married.

Cal. So am I, am I not, they married--- piſt-- Ile be more open to you did not my Maſter tell yee, ye ſent your two men to his Daughters.

Mo. I perfectly remember't we ſent none.

Cal. True they were ſervants to your kinſman, and to my knowledge brought them letters, but as forerunners to their viſits.

Mo. What will become of this is there no prevention what an unconſcionable miſers this.

Cal. Gentlemen, now hearken to me ſince I have opened the Sore I will apply a remedy, therefore (ingeniouſly) obſerve from me, allwayes come ſhort of this, *I* have been induſtrious for yee.

Cred. Honeſt *Callumny*.

Cal. With reſolv'd confidence, call them aſide and in the way of frindſhip make known you have enjoyed the Daughters, laughing it out (like ſome Familiar action) or ye make your boaſt (as thus) that as aged as ye are) you can yet overcome young Virgins, *I* need not teach ye to bounce *I* am ſure, there are twenty wayes to divulge it, ſwear it, rather then looſe your main eſtates.

Cred. By my Credit (an Oath *I* fear *I* ſhall nere ſwear agen) 'tis a peice of rare Roguric, and *I* muſt hug thee for't.

Mo. *I* like it (too) weel put in practice ſtrait.

Cal. Leaſt it be to late, they are now in conſultation, be ſure you bear up ſtifly, think on your Eſtates, go not a word more, leſt we be obſerved.

Felix. Thoſe Gentlemen Sir.

Clutch. Yes you know my mind, ile win your oppertunity.

Cap. Fy in a paſſion for her, let her paſs, think your ſelf happy that you know it, 'twould have troubled ye more after marriage.

Fea. Well ile do ſomthing.

Clutch. Come Gentlemen will ye in, your Dinners are prepar'd, by this *I* am ſure, diſcourſe the reſt at table, 'twill make your fare digeſt.

Omnes Wee'l wait upon you Sir--- *Exeunt.*

Cal.

Cal. Propitious Vengeance. aid my bloody Brawls
And I will feast thy Soul with Funerals.

Exit.

Act the Fifth Scene the First.

Enter Featherbrain *Solus.*

Fea. IMpudent Slaves Joy in your sordid Acts, ~~your~~ yee peices of Lascivious Gravity, hath Age taught you to be but wise in sin, must you be revereced cause you are become high in Iniquity, bravely Audacious, yet pardon my rash words, ye are to me my better Genious, *I* should honour ye, call ye the Patrons of my happiness for you have told me that, (had it been kept till I had wedded this intemperate Woman creature) had ruin'd me for ever, crewel woman, what *Cupids* did you see in wrinkled brows, sunk Eyes, and whithered cheeks, should make your blood with such a flame, kindle your appetite, hide me some happy mist, for here she comes would tempt another *Adam.*

Enter Felixina.

Oh my heart the killing *Basalisk* is more courteous, his visage doth pretend no less than death, but here's a ~~Rom~~ shap't in *Inno-* *Crime*
cence.

Felix. What so private: *I* have strange news to tell you.

Fea. Shee will offend no more, hath heard, *I* know it and will fain penitence (death) *I* must speak to her, though *I* perish by it, Oh divinity, defend me from this peice of beautious Magick, and *I* will be thy Anchorite---is your news good *Felixina.*

Felix. Exceeding good to me Sir.

Fea. Good come to thee, is Hell and Heaven met, or is incontinency proved no crime *aside*
as our wise Sophisters maintaine ~~with~~ good my sweet.

Felix, My Father gives us free consent to marry.

Fea.

Fea. Does he indeed, a peice of pleasing mischeif, *aside*
what joy have we *Felixina.*

Felix. Will not you kiss me for my newes now.

Fea. Joy so transported me I had forgot *they kiss*
Oh *Hesperides*, thy garden yeilds such fruit, that I must pluck it though the Dragon seaze me— *aside*
her breath excels perfumes, and on her lip lies such a pleasing warmth, might melt the souls of devout Hermets, — Oh you dangerous sweet one, might I be promised to enjoy thee thus, when our two souls ~~are dambled~~ to the Abiss, ide pass through this *Elizium* of sins and bless my Temptress.

Felix. What do you mean Sir.

Fea. Nothing, why dost thou ask sweet heart.

Felix. You talk so strangely.

Fea. Indeed I do to talk of bliss in Hell.

Felix. Oh sister now I fear you.

Fea. But when must wee be married fair *Felixina.*

Felix. Do you prefix the time Sir---you will not want a Bride.

Fea. Thou wilt be shee I warrant, hum what do ye blush would we were married now, there is an amorus flame crept in my blood, makes every limb a wanton, prethee kiss me agen,--- tell mee--- dost not thou *they kiss*
find a mutiny in thy blood, relish my pulss. I am not aged but can meet thy fire with heat more active then that flames desire.

Felix. What do you mean Sir, saying heat and fire, give your strange Dialect some Demonstration, I apprehend you not.

Fea. Venus will be a Nun, and preach Virginity,
Oh where should Devils get such Angels shapes *aside*
Ile tell thee then— thy beauty and my love (too potent Tempters) envite me to that Lilly bed thy brest, where I might banquet on thy curious body. Lets imitate the warm embracing Turtles instruct each other how our Parents did, when by their Amorous play we were create and propagate the world, with love born Creatures, what do ye gaze on mee--- I am turn'd Devil too, ~~Devil too~~, and will conspire with thee in loose imbraces to beget a race of Tempters, say do I not look like a most amorous *Incubus.*

Felix. You scare me with your words.

Fea.

Fea. But did that bosome harbour *Innocence*, thou wouldst (undaunted) hear me.

Felix. That *Innocence* protect me.

Fea. Nay fly me not, I am as bad as thee, *I* am surprized here fear it---- Oh my gross essence.

Felix. Sweet *Sir*, unfold your discontents, do you not think me chast, pray look on me.----

Fea. Oh no, thy eyes, will make my Judgment stagger, ye are all innocence in shew, but that frail man, that by your species, shall (like me) imagine some inferior vertue, shall close himself within a den of thraldomes, I did believe thee innocently good as rich in Soul, as feature, *I* did think each sentence that thy tongue did utter me some,

Propheſies of happineſs, but yet *I* find
All theſe but ſpectars, to delude the mind.

Felix. Pray Sir be more particular, does my indulgence of you tell you so, or my bold love declare my Levity, was *I* too easie won, or else too free, being won too.----

Fea. Oh I, stop there, that kindness is my torment, hadst thou repulst me, with a brave disdain, when for thy love I was an Orator, *I* had become a gross *Idolator*, in paying Adoration to thy name.

Felix. Shall I not know the nature of my guilt.

Fea. Incontinency.

Felix. Incontinency----oh *She swounds*

Fea. Oh me she swounds, as if within that word, lay rigorous Thunder, in me an Earth-quake is, shivering my Joynts, like (too aged) building, *I* could out sigh rough *Eolus*, what a stormy vile, lust does make in calm Lovers bosoms, how like a Virgin in contented Urn, (that living knew not, what man call'd a crime) lies this *Deceptio visus*, since she is false it will be piety, to raise her to repentance, *I* am resolved, if *I* did warm this Viper in my breast, and onely have her sting for recompence, welcome my fate, she stirs, sure she'l prevent me.

Fe. Oh never wake sir, if she be false, may she thus dig unpittied--- let her not have a Grave, preserve her body and vile memory, to fright Mortality, when Maidens plight their faith, and do entringe

let their wrong'd Lovers, curse my wandring spirit, who living here, was but their base example.

Fea. Bless me good Powers, how these strange dangerous words, do operate in my fidelity. I scarce believe her false now. *aside*

Felix. Sweet Gentleman (the name of Love you cancel) who hath possessed your noble spirit thus.
Faith *I* scarce think thou know'st---- his name *Mony.*

Felix. What, the Grand Devil of Rank, *Callumney*, would you belive him Sir.

Fea. 'Twas spoke in such a way.

Felix. If in your brest any credulity, you ever lodg'd to receive Virgins Oaths, let mine a while appease you, and encourage that noble spirit, which you bear within you, unto an Act by my invention fram'd shall make this *Injurrer* truly confess, his words, to be gross scandal.

Fea. *And vindicate thy honour with his Death,*
How many Ill's proceed from Sorded breath.

Enter Calumney Credit, *and* Mony,

Cal. But did you do it bravely.

Mo. For speech, and action *Rosius* might have learn'd, had been living.

Cal. And how did they take it—ha.

Cred. Very contentedly—they were not mov'd.

Mo. Made slight (as men of actions not concern them)

Cal. They are subtile Rogues, and preserv'd, all in thought yea have prevented them ne're fear it, for if they marry them, *Callumney* is your bondman.

Both, Oh noble *Callumney.*

Cal. If they should question more, be you still confident, remember your estates, be that your *Jenius*, I speak from my love, *I* would not have such noble Spirits ruin'd come lets be gone.

Mo. But *I* hope, they'l urge no more.
You cannot tell, be you prepar'd for't, to seem but daunted were

to

to open all, and so you may become ridiculous Beggars whereas you were in state belov'd of all, all then will reckon you but as counterfeits.

Mo. And then we are fit for no place, but new *England*.

Cal. Come follow me and be victorious.

Enter, Featherbrain, *and* Captain Pennyless.

Fea. Come, I dare swear they are chast.

Cap. Oh *I*, as vertuous as waiting Gentlewomen; who will not deny the Grooms a courtesie, to shew they are free from Pride, or they which serve antient rich Batchellors, that in their Caudles mix cantarides, to raize Rebellious Spirits, Midwives at thirty, Widdows at Nineteen, as *Hellens* Maid that wrote the Book, *De arte Venerea*.

Fea. Oh fy upon thee, thou wilt make them Monsters, come, come, follow my Directions, i'l warrant thee, we'l prove them honest Maids, ere we have done.

Cap. Will you so, i'l say you are further read in *Dialectica*, then a great many of your fore-fathers, no, i'l trouble my self no further— e'ne those that broke them, sodder u'm.

Fea. If thou dost anger me, i'l beat thee into, belief (and that's a strange kind of Rhetorick) come ~~they have~~, they have Golden Portions, think of that.

Cap. If thou dost lead me to damnation.

Fea, *I*'l be burn'd for thee, come follow me.

Enter Clutch, Felixina and Feminia.

Clutch, But do they entertain your loves, so willingly good Girls you have done bravely (my own flesh) let me kiss you both i'l make ye Goddesses, ye little wantons.

Felix. *I* Sir, but *Money* and *Credit*.

Clutch, For them let me alone, *Money* is an Ass, *Credit* his

Ningle, let um pass *I* have ore reach'd their Gravities, my subtilety shall make perdition, their inhabitary Mansion, me thinks I hear them curse and rail on *Clutch*, whilst *I* content me with the Foxes Proverb (better when he's curst, a ha Mrs. *Gold*, and Mrs. *Jewel*.

Fea. But ther's a scandal laid upon our fame.

Clutch, What's that, what scandall'st, if it hinder not our ends, no matter *Mony* will buy good tongues.

Fem. It hinders our hope to marriage.

Clutch, What with *Gold* and *Jewel*, declare it, ha, with *Gold* and *Jewel*, speak it, oh my sweet hopes.

Felix. *Mony* and *Credit* (joyn'd with *Callumney*) Proclaim us both their Whores.

Fem. *Jewel* and *Gold* this hearing, casts us off exposing us to *Contumelius* laughter.

Clutch, Oh *Callumney*, thou art mischievous, and hast out-reacht me, this will bring madness on me *Gold* and *Jewel* (my illustrate hopes) banished to live in desperations desert, *Mammon* (thou God of our adored earth) why dost thou suffer such events to th'wart me.

Felix. Sir a devise (by me already fram'd, and well approv'd off) shall our humours gain and we match with our liking.

Clutch, *Gold* and *Jewel*.

Both, Yes Sir.

Felix. But hear me out Sir, these as they are rich, will not be brought i'th compass of defraud, if as our Portions you'l deliver up, half those estates, *Mony*, and *Credit* own'd, we have wrought them to ingage theirs unto you, in witness of each other, then they are ours, if this may not be done, 'tis their resolves, to leave us to the hazard of our Fortunes.

Clutch, Oh as I could wish---- i'l do't, i'l do't, where be they i'l be ingaged immediately.

Felix. In that withdrawing Room, they wait your Answer.

Clutch, 'Tis well I am contented.

Exit

Manet

Manet Felixina, and Feminia.

Felix. So this is contriv'd, to purpose, is it not, now our desires will finish (my *Feminia*) am *I* not worthy applause, be free to me.

Fem. Thou hast dispos'd things rarely bur (in brief) tell me wer't thou perswaded I would be thy rival.

Felix. By Love I was, but prethy pardon me.

Fem. Pardon thee, yes upon condition you'l return the like, I had as much of foolish Jealousie, as love could let ~~them~~ you claim.

Felix. I hope it will prevent that Plague, in Marriage *I* would not entertain it a whole year for more then the Worlds riches.

Fem. But are not we obedient Children, to gull our Father thus.

Felix. Heaven pardon us, 'tis not our greatest Crime, in such a cause as this.

Fem. *I hope so too, and time shall tell (sweet Madam,*
Though we made shift for Husbands, yet we had um.

Exeunt.

Enter Featherbrain, *and* Mony.

Fea. But dost think she is with child.

Mo. *I* cannot tell I did my best endeavour. you may imagine how a man inspired by such a beauty may be stir himself.

Fea. *I* warrant she is a Bedfellow for a *Jove.*

Mo. Faith I would scarce exchange her, for his *Juno*, why *Nectar* is extracted from her lips, her breath excells sweets of *Arabia.*

But those choyce parts, which none but *I* could merit,
Would call up heat, in a cold coward spirit.

Fea. She hath infused Poety in you.

Mo.

Mo. Have not *I* been at her *Helicon*—— now I ſpeak to purpoſe.

Fea. And is ſhe pliable in her ſports to you.

Mo. As is the Fiſh unto the Anglers bait, playes to beget deſire.

Fea. Very Wanton.

Mo. As *Leda*, in the arms of *Jupiter*, I could not think my memory could—— *aſide*
Bleſs my tongue with ſo many good words to my purpoſe, but my eſtate that does it — Oh noble *Callumney*.

Enter Captain Pennileſs *and* Credit.

Cap. What deſperate Vow, won her, to credit you mee thinks ſhe's nice, and very proudly coy.

Cred. To ſtrangers ſhe is, to me ſhe was, but that ſhe ſaw my faith in my great Oathes.

Cap. What were they pray Sir.

Cred. Marry Sir, the greateſt and ſureſt was Cadeedlo.

Cap. Indeed then ſhe might well believe you —— Cadeedlo quoth a —

Cred. And now we play and ſport as familiarly as puppies, I call her ſpouſe, ſhee calls me head——

Cap. A moſt firm Conjunction, her Father doth not know it you ſay.

Cred. Not yet, and I hope you will not tell Sir.

Enter Clutch.

Cap. You need not care, ſince his conſent is given.

Cred. That's all one (poor ſoul) ſhe would bluſh her ſelf to death, if ſhe but thought he knew it.

Cap. Why doe ye expoſe your ſecrets to my boſome, I am a very blab, I ſhall diſcloſe.

Cred. Will you undoe your kinſman.

Cap. Hearken to me.

Clutch. They are at it, I muſt make one, on both ſides —— now my part comes in, what Gentlemen retired, I am too bold to interrupt your privacies.

Fea.

Fea. You are not Sir, pray ſtay--- are the doors to lock. *aſide*

Clutch. They are moſt ſtrangely barracaded--- *aſide*

Crid. No ſtay till to morrow, then Revel at large, I would be married firſt.

Cap. Noe. prethee be perſwaded, I would fain ſee how the old man would reliſh his Daughters forwardneſs, he knowes hot conſtitutions muſt be abated.

Mo. Break your diſcourſe off, I would not have the old man gueſs out this private deed, he is a peice of dangerous ſubtilety.

Fea. Then all is true you tell mee.

Mo If you be incredulous, ask my Ningle *Credit.*

Fea. No, no, ile take your word, as you ſhall mine, you are a peice of dam'd impiety, ſent but to teach the world Idolatry: the Peaſants wiſdome, the vain Cities Pride, the Miſers luxury, the only guide to Fools and worldlings, you were made to ſhew Hells broadeſt entrance.

Cap. Think not I am a patient Auditor, *I* am not paſſive cauſe *I* dare not Act, but keep your breath till *I* am charg'd with it, nor then prepare for ſtormes as violent, as the juſt Heavens ſhower upon impious Seamen after black imprecations.

Cred. Bleſs me theſe words are worſe then ſympathize or concur, what do you mean Sir.

Clutch. Now it works--- are ye at difference Gentlemen.

Fea. If ever you had fear, expreſs it now be not ſo ignorant as to believe, *I* will not vindicate that Ladies Honour, you by your guilded witchcraft have deprived, tell me you Chaos of confuſion, what Negromancy from *Gehenna* brought, wrought this white innocence unto a deed, black, as your ſorded entrails.

Clutch. Son *Money*, what's the matter.

Money. Alas *I* know not Sir (oh curled *Callumny*) what is your will Sir, with me?

Capt. Thou haſt by Magick and Pretigious Charms Effuſſinated ſuch a Noble Creature, that all Excrutiations, Hell invents will be too ſweet a Guerdon for the deed.

Cred. The wonderful words of man, if I know what he means more then I tell would I were burn'd pray Sir be plainer.

Clutch. How go the Squares Son *Credit*, draw, draw.

Fea. Keep my swords length Sir, they are past a Rescue, you ought to be my Agent in this Cause. *To the Captain, then to Feather.*

Mo. My purpose is to make amends with Marriage.

Fea. Is that my satisfaction, Know sir by oath she was contracted mine, and had not violated that decree, but by some (Hell wrought) witchcraft, therefore knovv no vvay but this, shall right me—if you think brief repentance can obtain abatements in your Torments, take your time, *I* vvill attend some minutes. *The Captains offer to run at Credit.*

Cred. Oh hold, take my confession she is (for ought *I* knovv more Man then vvoman, if ever *I* toucht more then hand, or—lip—Cadeedlo, there's my oath, my undoing oath, may *I* not thrive vvithout honesty.

Cap. But are you serious.

Cred. Hang me if *I* be not.

Mo. You may believe these oaths. *Enter* Clutch

Fea. Knovv Sir, vve are ingaged to your daughters, and vvill our Contracts Consumate vvith speed. But your consent is sold, to those that shall but little by it

Enter Felixina *and* Feminia.

Mo. Since you have of this, craft and that *I* see the vvomen are Auditors, vveel resign our intrest up, injoy the fruit of your ill labour'd brain.

Fea. Do you hear this Sir.

Clutch. But are my daughters contented.

Felix. Sir happiness, and these are so nere kin: enjoying them all happiness is ours, and pray Sir tell me, you that durst lay claim to that Pure Maides prize bove all earthly treasure, hath my tongue, ever been so vile to vovv any affection to you, clear me, and your self.

Mo. You might have been so vvise.

Fem. And you Sir, like an Image in black Chalk vvhat vovvs, or oaths can you lay claim to novv, more then Cadeedlo.

Cred. Oh that Cadeedlo—that had been enough for any Christen'd vvoman to have svvorn.

Clutch

Clutch, Well since 'tis thus, and that you are well agreed marry my Daughters, take my Blessings with them, be witness all.

Enter Callumney.

Cal. Oh curst attonement, terror to mine eyes is all my p'otting projects come to this confusion separate your conjunctions.

Clutch, What my true Servant *Calumny*, give me thy hand, thou man of discontent, what think you of my eldest daughter now sir--you must hatch projects then—ha, look, look, see if Mr. *Gold*, and Mr. *Jewel* have not prevail'd, *Mony* and *Credit* were but shallow Lovers,—— Sirrah—sirrah, have *I* not riches in abundance, *Money* and *Credit*, *Gold* and *Jewel*.

Cal. May thy *Gold*, (moulten choak thee.

Cluch, Not yet *Callumney*, not yet,----- prethy be more charitable, thou shalt have my eldest daughter.

Fea. Spawn of iniquity, whose infectious breath carries more horror to the bearers Ears, then doth the sentence of just Radamanth, unto the black offenders---- what is this Lady false, spit out your gall, and tell me.

Cal. If she be not, she's not to old to learn, too learn, and as young stock, as you may have a Graft, the City keeps a Nursery thank the Court Gardners.

Fea. How durst thou speak thus.

Cal. Oh good Sir, Fools and Cynicks, talk by Pattent, I am a fool or you had gone to wrack, with your fair brides (that must be) weak hearted Gentlemen wher's your estates, you were all, deluded Prisoners, you shall be till the Devils dead, (my good old Master, and after (too) unless some Prodigal succeed him which is the best your hopes can promise.

Clutch, Come Gentlemen mind him not, all he can do is rail, will you to Church, these my obligatory Gentlemen, shall be the witness to your sacred contract.

Both. We are content

Mo. I do not envy much, my couzen *Gold* by birth doth claim presedency of me----Let him enjoy it.

Cred. I yeild so too, *Jewel* commands his *Credit.*

Fea. We thank you Gentlemen, and are ingaged to your sublimed vertues. *they discover*

Clutch, How now what's this.

Cap. Nothing Sir, but the *Golds* uncurrant.

Fea. And the *Jewel's* counterfeit.

Mo. Hath *Featherbrain.*

Cred. And *Pennyless.*

Clutch, Daughters these are Counterfeits, shake um off, these are, nor *Gold* nor *Jewel*—how am I couzened.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Fem. As true as I live Sister, they are handsomer men now their beards are off, by ten parts (beshrew me Sir) we will not part from them, for all this, *I* love a counterfeit *Jewel* as well as ere a Lady in the Land.

Felix. Ye have the writings.

Fea. I, I warrant thee wench.

Clutch, Say you so too.

Felix. Yes truly Sir, *I* am of my Sisters mind.

Fea. The writings Sir are firm, Pray think upon the Covenants.

Cap. You shall have honest dealing of us, we will perform.

Clutch, Why these were your men.

Fea. Yes truly Gentlemen, we spoke, and pleaded for you.

Mo. They are two Prodigals, his name is *Featherbrain*, his *Pennyless.*

Clutch, *Featherbrain*, (passion of my heart) his name I do (almost) remember, have not I a morgage of yours Sir.

Fea. Yes truly Father, and *I* hope you'l return it when I have married your Daughter.

Clutch, Hell and vexation on you.

Clutch, Oh do not curse, do not curse, we'l prove true blades, nere fear it.

Cal. Oh for a couple of daughters more. *in his ear.*

Cluch, Hell take thee for a *Jewel*, how am *I* cheated set on by spend-thrifts, whose licentious games wast in a year, more then their Ancestors got in five ages.

Fea. Come rail not on us, nor disturb your thoughts, what we have been we are not, poverty the Prodigals excrutiation, hath been

been a Caveat to admoniſh us, how being bleſt agen (as now we are) we ſpend our time in ſuch looſe revellings.

Mo. *I would but cannot grieve, I know 'tis fit,*
Money *like danger, ought, to be us'd by Wit.*
And my preſaging ſoul, tells me that he.
Will uſe his wealth as wiſe men induſtry.

Cred. I cannot ſpeak in Golden Numbers, like my Ningle *Money*, but I mean as well, let that pray have acceptance.

Clutch, I never had (in my life) a fit ſo ſtrange as this which in my boſome opperates me thinks that theſe attonements pleaſe me well, and all the world could not perſwade my mind, to better choyces, than my Daughters make, accept them pray, with them my moſt of wealth.

Ambo. We thank you Sir.

Clutch, Come lets to Church, you *Callumney* I baniſh, you were my evil *Jenius* prompted me to deeds moſt vile.

Which now I do repent, and now let's in,
And may the end crown what we now begin.

FINIS.

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